

of careless and badly finished work, which is the setting of handwork which is too difficult, such as basket-work and carton-work for Classes 1a and 1b. There are exceptions, of course, just as there are exceptions to the children who should not learn seven languages before they can speak their own. I have only had two children who could turn out a respectable basket or a neat carton model in even the last term in 1b, and even these were long in learning. At the same time, I do *not* agree that because a child shows no aptitude for handicrafts he should not be taught them. You might as well cease to teach arithmetic because a child has no aptitude for it. The backward child in any subject wants *more* careful training in that subject, not less. The good subjects will take care of themselves to a certain extent. In fact, I should be inclined to take a child who was clumsy-fingered for extra lessons in handicrafts. We all know that skill in almost anything, up to a certain degree, is a matter of muscular and mental training. "Practice makes perfect" is not a mere copybook headline.

Why does Miss Tetley quarrel with size 8 needles? I think it is a good thing for our future generations that our girls prefer to learn to pull together in a game of hockey to sitting on an enervating cushion, bending their backs to microscopic stitches on a meaningless bit of needlework. A girl will make a better mother to her sons for having knocked about on a playing-field in her schooldays, provided the rest of her training is wise and she knows when to give up being a semi-boy and become that best of human things—"a perfect woman, nobly planned." I have also knitted when reading to children, but I gave it up long ago, because I found that my inability to sit still without occupation was contagious, and also that both the children's and my attention was necessarily divided.

I very much hope that Miss Tetley's paper will be discussed fully, as it is upon a subject which is open to much thrashing. Perhaps some of you may be interested to know

that I am working in the Government school here. I began work October 4th. There are twenty-eight children, nearly all of whom are Dutch, who do not understand much English. They are of all ages, and some of the biggest cannot read at all. They seem very bright and keen, and ought to get on very quickly. One thing they have in common with all the children I have met outside the P.N.E.U.—an utter incapacity for narration. This is *not*, I am certain, because of the foreign language. They are not accustomed to expressing themselves in words. They can all draw to a certain extent.—Yours, etc.,

SIBYL HIRTZEL.

NOTES FROM "CRITICISM LESSONS."

The more you give children the chance of finding out for themselves the better.

To watch a child doing anything is fatal; nevertheless, we must be aware of what he is doing, but our observation must not be apparent.

Enthusiasm and feeling must be brought to an art lesson.

Lesson to Classes 1a and 1b. "Place."—The teacher must remember the limitations of the children's understanding; for instance, in the description of a place the point is for children to visualise scenes, and they cannot visualise when such terms as "a military fort" or "cultivated" are used. Instead, they must be told of the soldiers walking in the streets, etc.

When children are invited to criticise one another the personal element is introduced, which is a mistake.

We must never introduce new scientific words without a definition.

HANDICRAFTS.

The paper on Handicrafts in the September PLANT seems to me to contain much sound truth. Without having experience in a very wide range of handicrafts, it is easy to

recognise where any particular one succeeds or fails educationally. We do not give children manual occupations merely that they may produce results which please their vanity; the work itself must teach; and if this is slovenly or scamped in any way, it surely can not only fail to educate, but does actual harm.

As regards carton work in Classes 1a and 1b, I most emphatically agree with Miss Tetley. Either the teacher makes the models entirely herself, with the child looking on, or else the results are ludicrous. Nor is this surprising. Carton work needs less strength but more skill and geometrical knowledge than Sloyd, and the fact that the pupil may, under direction, contribute a few lines or cuts to each model, hardly seems to justify any time being given to it.

Handicrafts for quite small children are really rather a difficulty. Raffia basket-making is most satisfactory, but grows monotonous after a certain time; cane basket-work is, as Miss Tetley tells us, beyond the strength of little ones. About paper folding I would like more information. It has always seemed to me, in the very little I have taught, that the making of paper toys is scarcely more than a time-killing amusement. The boat or table is quickly made, and so useless, and few paper toys are like enough to their originals really to satisfy the somewhat critical eyes of the children. Perhaps, though, through ignorance, I undervalue paper-folding as a serious handicraft.

But cardboard Sloyd modelling I do not undervalue, and here I think Miss Tetley is rather exclusive. Surely there are very few children over 10 who cannot learn Sloyd and profit from it. It must be pitiful to see badly-made models exhibited with pride; but why need this be so? Sloyd, to be of value in training children, must be taught progressively. It is absurd to let beginners attempt complicated models and Christmas presents before they can bind a flat piece of cardboard or half-cut properly. If they proceed step by step and understand that only when they have mastered all that goes

to the making of simple models may they hope to produce more difficult and interesting ones, no further incentive ought to be needed to cheer them on through the beginning stages. Each model should be passed by the teacher (let her be critical but not discouraging), and rejected ones remade. In this way the children would not be satisfied with indifferent work, and there would be fewer badly made models in the schoolroom.

I know it is easy to talk, but I do think that Sloyd, with its pitiless exaction of accuracy and unfailing habit of showing up any careless work, is far too valuable to be refused a place in our time-table whenever it is at all possible to give it one. There are children who really do seem hopeless at the work. I am teaching one at present (it is her inaccurate brain, not her hands, that is the trouble); but even if she never progresses further than simple boxes and key-labels, I cannot believe that, as long as I insist on accuracy and work that is good as far as it goes, the time she spends will have been wasted. And for the others, who take to Sloyd more kindly, the joy of producing some useful article, their own work from start to finish, is no small part of the educational value of the time they have spent wrestling with cardboard and binding.

A. P. WHITTALL.

CARDINAL NEWMAN AS AN EDUCATIONIST.

Every man who believes in a future is driven by necessity to become more or less of an educationalist. However great, prominent, or occupied he may be with other activities, he cannot build without that universal mortar.

John Henry Newman before the 'forties seemed destined to be merely a brilliantly successful college don; then it was his influence on men younger than himself on which he depended—an intellectual domination and a spiritual fascination which did untold harm to himself however greatly it

may have been beneficial to those upon whom it was exercised. The remainder of his life, after he left the Anglican Church for the Roman, and so had to start afresh from the very beginning, was all more or less educational. He was denied a diocese and large spheres of public activity—why, it is easy to see when his life is read in the light of cause and effect. His “dangerous fascinations” were not to be used for the service of God save under strict discipline and the penance of constant thwartings. Thus saints are doubtless made, but to those reared under a laxer rule and in greater freedom the punishment for uplifted and triumphant pride in success seems very searching. However, thwarted or no, Newman was seer enough to divine truly the need of his age—right knowledge, due preparation for the world and its theories and interests and its constant apparent clash of ethical and religious standpoints. Newman lived when science and religion first seemed to call men with equal force but in opposite directions. He knew very little of science, but he was so thorough a historian that he grasped the need of a thorough knowledge of the enemy’s country before religion could safely enter again upon a campaign. So in articles in magazines, and in one abortive scheme after another, he sought to train the young Catholics in knowledge so that they might understand and meet the difficulties and needs of their own time. First there was the Dublin University, then the abandoned plan for a Roman college in Oxford; finally he fell back upon the little school for boys attached to the Birmingham oratory, and translated Plautus and Terence for their benefit!

Now Newman never was a practical teacher, nor headmaster of the Birmingham school—he remained simply an inspirer and one who can become gravely aware of the danger of building characters on the basis of an influence.

A cursory glance at his life would seem to show an endless waste by repression of great talents, a want of opportunity to shine which makes the unlearned of this generation doubt

of the light. How many men are there who passed through the Birmingham oratory school whose lives were really marked by a temporary sojourn near such a man—perhaps few, perhaps none. What has remained of his endless battle for knowledge—and the spread of knowledge—is the feeling of to-day that science and religion both call—but in the same direction. Life is the ultimate mystery of both and the ultimate fusing point of each.

It is very characteristic of the man that while he was engaged in a life and death struggle with the strangling “propaganda” for the right to teach and the right of the lay youth to learn, he had no clear hard and fast ideas on the burning topics of those days; he regrets the necessity that he may be asked for a definite opinion on Bible criticism or the age of the world, or any of the various battle-grounds of his day and hour.

Newman stood, then, simply for the abstract right of the Christian to *all* that earthly information and data by which the true *Haggia Sophia* can most readily “inform” us.

We have great need to emphasise that aspect of our work to-day. Like “Propaganda” of yore the ordinary so-called “educated” parent of to-day is most horribly afraid of new ideas, wider scope, or stranger experiences than those which came in their own way. How it strengthens our hands to have the life-story of a man, hammered on the anvil of God into sainthood, and who devoted his cramped energies to winning just that larger outlook and wider perspective—for others.

R. A. PENNETHORNE.

SCOUTING.

PROGRAMME OF THE DEMONSTRATION, SCALE HOW,

JULY 6TH, 1912.

I. MARCH IN OF THE PEEWITS.

The display took place on the Wordsworth Lawn, and the Peewits, over forty in number, marched in from the wooden

gate at the end of the terrace, and drew up in one long line at the bottom of the bank.

Salute—Union Jack.

Salute—Miss Mason.

Peewit Song.

II. FIRST-AID DRILL.

Those who had gained tassels in First-Aid were distinguished by red stripes on their arms. At the sound of the whistle they ran on to the scene, looking very businesslike, and bringing with them all the necessary apparatus, such as stretcher poles, bandages, etc.

III. REDSKINS ON THE TRACK.

This scene was enacted by the Peewits of Fairfield. There were scarcely any words spoken, so that everything depended on the acting, which left nothing to be desired. The story was: Three rowdy backwoodsmen run away from their camp, taking with them a bag of gold. They lose the track and find themselves in an out-of-the-way corner of the woods, quarrelling with each other, and glad to have even a few dry biscuits to eat. They lie down in corners to sleep, after hiding the gold in a thick bush. The Redskins appear one at a time, and by quick listening and clever, quiet observation they follow where the backwoodsmen have been, finally coming right up to them as they sleep, and stealthily rifling the pockets of each in turn. But they find nothing. However, sure that the gold is somewhere, they continue their search, and finally discover the hiding-place. Then they creep off as silently as they have come. The backwoodsmen awake. Still at odds with each other, they go to take their treasure, meaning to make another effort to find the lost track. But the gold has gone! Violent quarrelling ensues. At length one of the men speaks up, saying that the stolen gold has brought them nothing but misfortune—"Why not go back to camp, acknowledge our theft, and start again

anew?" They act upon this suggestion, and go back to their friends and comrades, with lighter pockets, but also with lighter hearts.

IV. SIGNALLING DRILL.

Seven Peewits, distinguished by green bands across their shoulders, signalled together in Morse. They also divided into two groups, a message being sent across the lawn and answered again.

V. COMPETITION.

Seeing, Feeling, Smelling, Tasting, Hearing.

Those who entered for competitions and games had coloured paper rosettes pinned on to them.

VI. GAMES.

Flag Raiding (blindfold).

Relay Race.

Traitor in the Camp.

Tracking.

Lack of time prevented us from carrying out the full programme.

VII. REPORT.

VIII. TASSEL GIVING.

"God save the King."

THE PEEWITS, TROOP I., P.U.S.S., *January-July, 1912.*

In December, 1911, there were forty-five enrolled Peewits. The first event of the new term was an At Home given by the Peewits to initiate the then "New Juniors" to some of the joys and aims of scouting. The At Home was held on Loughrigg, and round the large camp fire we all sat. We had a short sing-song, followed by a recitation, "If—," by Rudyard Kipling, then a brief explanation of scouting, and finally some big black potatoes.

A short time after our At Home the Peewits' numbers increased considerably, and we found that the new members with their enthusiasm gave a great impetus to the work of the Troop. The Scout's Tassel work was done by fifteen or sixteen, and carried to the finish with credit. During the term there were several scouting afternoons, both indoor and outdoor. There was no demonstration before the Easter holidays, so the Tassel-giving took place in St. George's, on the last night of the term. Those leaving at Easter had worked specially hard, and were well cheered.

SUMMER TERM.

The scouting of Troop I., The Peewits, has indeed been full of delight. There have been regular scouting afternoons, sometimes for the School Patrol, and sometimes for the students. The Rydal Cave has echoed to our voices, and must have felt a little warmer for the fire that blazed at its mouth. The Jumper Valley, a corner of Loughrigg particularly belonging to us, was the scene of a flag-raiding game. Crudsen's Cave proved so difficult a spot to discover that some of the Scouts did not even turn up for the fried potatoes at the end. Our Council Rock saw the tests in fire-lighting, and the Stock Valley witnessed a most strenuous game that will not be soon forgotten by those whose cunning and energy made it such a success.

But games have not been the only features of the term. Work—an unprecedented amount—has been done. This was partly owing to the large numbers of our Troop—the last enrolled was 78—but chiefly to the spirit and perseverance which Scouts have shown.

(Here follow remarks about the various tests, which are not perhaps of general enough interest to publish.)

REPORT FOR WINCHESEER.

This has been fully published in the *Children's Quarterly*, July, 1912, and will not be repeated here. This report also

describes the badge given to Miss Mason, when we asked her to accept our honour of "First White Tip of the Parents' Union School Scouts," which she very graciously did.

On the last evening of the term there was a Peewit meeting to discuss the plans for next term. It was decided that the three new tests for Troop I. would be Art, Nature, and Citizenship. The details of these have not yet been worked out, but we hope to send them to the next number of the PLANT. In it there will also be some account of our camp, which is taking place from August 26th to September 2nd. We are taking a small cottage near Hawes, in Yorkshire, and intend forming a committee to carry on the work of the P.U.S. Scouts from October next. Full details of the arrangements that are made will appear in the October number of the *Children's Quarterly*. Those writing to Scale How about scouting next term should address their letters to Miss Pollard. In January, 1913, Miss Curry will be Captain of Troop I. of the Parents' Union School Scouts.

J. H. MELLIS SMITH.

REMBRANDT.

Rembrandt was not the first chiaroscuroist—Leonardo and Correggio were before him, and, in a less illustrious way, Peter Lastman, his master. But it is Rembrandt who has given full value to this means of expression in his art. It is, no doubt, because of such wonderful creations as the Night Watch, Lesson in Anatomy, and the Syndics, to mention a few of the best-known, that the Dutch school takes its place in the first rank among the schools of painting. An original, a poet, a seer, he was not afraid to spread his wings; this is why his painting and drawing appeal to our century to such an extraordinary degree. He is so modern. He passes continually from the seen to the unseen. Nothing seems impossible for him to paint. He is equally a master when he depicts the agonies of approaching death

or a scene from everyday life of an ordinary man or woman. Nature, seen through his eyes, is suggestive and inspiring, because any great artist (and I take the word in its widest sense) must be above all an inspirer. He must breathe something into our souls which we did not already possess or appreciate, or which we were not conscious of possessing. He must educate. Can we help comparing this great master and his very modern ideas to that other great modernist, Velasquez? But Rembrandt, perhaps, appeals to us in a greater degree, because we feel instinctively that he knew what is meant by the struggle for existence. Popularity he never enjoyed in his lifetime; he was pre-eminently a painter of the future.

This feeling of sadness running through his works gives the atmosphere of mystery, which, to some of us, is rather lacking in the creations of the great Spanish master. Life was his passion. It mattered little to him what the model might be, a beautiful girl or a Jewish Rabbi, both were equally interesting to this great student of character. No doubt it is because of this love of *people*, no matter what their creed or nationality may be, that Miss Mason has again given us the great Dutchman's works to study. Children are interested in people, and Rembrandt's folk are both modern and lifelike. Perhaps in some dim way we may initiate their minds into that most interesting of all studies—the study of the mind as depicted by the human face and attitude.

We must take our pupils to see, if possible, that great masterpiece, "The parable of the Unmerciful Servant," in the Wallace Collection, and the interesting etchings at the British Museum; or again, that glorious possession, "The Jewish Rabbi," at the National Gallery, with its dim blacks and glorious browns, showing up one of the saddest faces to be portrayed on canvas.

Books consulted: "Rembrandt," Menpes; Michel; Bréal.
M. E. EVANS.

DER FLIEGENDE HOLLÄNDER.

In den Sommerferien bin ich in Dresden gewesen, und habe dort "Der Fliegende Holländer" im Königlichen Schauspielhause gehört.

"Der Fliegende Holländer" ist eine Oper in drei Akten von Richard Wagner. Im ersten Akt, sieht man des vom Sturme in den Hafen verschlagene norwegische Schiff, mit den Matrosen, dem Steuermann und dem Kapitän. Letztere unterhalten sich über das Ereigniss und begeben sich bald darnach zur Ruhe. Dann kommt das Schiff des Holländers, den das gleiche Schicksal betroffen. Mit Tagesanbruch erblickt der Norwegische Kapitän den Holländer und ist erstaunt, ihn hier zu finden. Der Holländer bittet den Norweger um Obdach für die Nacht, und bietet ihm dafür grosse Schätze. Er fragt auch, "Haben Sie eine Tochter," und dann erzählt er dem Norweger seine Geschichte. Er ist verflucht, und nur alle sieben Jahre kann er an's Land gehen, und wenn es ihm gelingt, ein treues Weib zu finden, so weicht der Fluch von ihm. Niemand liebte ihn, und so hoffte er, hier ein Mädchen zu finden. Der Norweger will ihn aufnehmen und verspricht ihm seine Tochter. Bald fährt der Norweger ab und auch der Holländer sticht in See.

In dem zweiten Akte sind wir in der Wohnung des Norwegers. Wir sehen das grosse Spinnzimmer, wo viele Mädchen spinnen und das Spinnerlied singen, das so bekannt geworden ist. Senta, die Tochter des Norwegers, ist auch da, und ihre Amme, Mary. Aber Senta spinnt nicht; ihre Hände sind müssig, ihre Augen sind auf ein Bild des Holländers gerichtet, das an der Wand hängt. Seit ihrer Kindheit hat sie die traurige Geschichte des Holländers gehört und sie ist von Mitleid für ihn erfüllt. Obgleich sie den Holländer nie gesehen hat, liebt sie ihn. Als ihr Vater kommt, sagt er ihr, dass er einen Gast mitbringe und auch